THEN.

I give thee treasures hour by hour,
That old-time princes asked in vain,
And pined for in their useless power,
Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light,
Aside from merit or from prayer,
Rejoicing in its own delight,
And freer than the lavish air.

I give thee prayers like jewels strung
On golden threads of hope and fear,
And tenderer thoughts than ever hung
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea
Its thousand streams of wealth untold,
So flows my silent life to thee,
Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness?
I give from depths that overflow;
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit cannot sound or know

Far lingering on a distant dawn,
My triumph shines, more sweet than late,
When, from these mortal mists withdrawn,
Thine heart shall know me.—I can wait.
Rose Terry Cooke.

THE FAT MAN WITH THE THIN FACE.

"COCKAIGNE" IN THE SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT.

I had been over to America—that is to say, the United States part of it—for some big-game hunting out on the plains, and in the "Rockies" near Fort Laramie and Cheyenne; and was on my way home to England, after about as delightful a two months as I ever remember to have spent in my life. But it is not about that, or anything connected with it, that I have sat down to write. Quite a different incident from any that could possibly occur during a sixty-days' continuance of buffalo-hunting was the one the facts of which I am about to narrate.

I had got as far as Chicago without anything of moment happening to break the monotonous routine of daily and nightly life in a Pullman "sleeper," and I was standing out on the platform of the gigantic station, seeing to the re-checking of my luggage and its safe deposit in the baggage-car of the "Lake Shore and Michigan Southern" train, by which I was going on to New-York. I had just pointed out the last article of my property to the baggage-master, when a voice behind me said:

"Bin West, I reckon?"

I turned, and saw a man whose tout ensemble seemed to instantly condense and fix itself upon both my physical and mental retina as "a fat man with a thin face." That fact having become established in my mind as by a flash, I began to take note of feature, form and dress. He was a man of medium height, and aged about five and forty, I should have said, had he been an Englishman, which he clearly was not. But Americans, as a rule, look to British eyes fully ten years older than they are; and this man, being unmistakably American, I put down as five and thirty. His hair was a dingy sort of light brown, thin, long, and straggling; his eyes were blue, as well as I could see under a pair of shaggy eyebrows; and a sandy mustache and "goatee," or "chin whiskers," shaded his mouth and chin. His face, I have said, was thin; and it was. But perhaps the effect of the high cheek-bones, sunken cheeks, and deep wrinkles about the corners of the mouth and eyes was heightened beyond reality by comparison with the rotund figure beneath them. His shoulders were narrow, but his girth at the waist was something enormous. I don't think I ever saw so fat a man; that is to say, from his waist down, for, while his legs were elephantine in shape and proportion, his arms, where they were bare at the wrists, were quite the reverse; and what, I remember, struck me as peculiarly odd was that his hands were small and thin almost to boniness. One generally looks for "pudgy" hands, with stumpy fingers and a colorless puffiness at the joints, in fat people; but, on the contrary, not only were the hands of this man slim and bony, but his finger-joints protruded in a most unaccountable manner. On the back of his left hand was a small, bright red patch or scar, like a recent burn. He was dressed in a long, dark-brown overcoat, of clumsy fashion and make, and considerably the worse for wear and absence of brushing, which hung open unbuttoned, and showed a suit of dark clothing, quite as unfashionable in cut, and as out of repair. He wore a pair of square-toed, broad-soled American boots of about the largest size I ever remember; and on his head was a high-crowned, soft hat of the "Alpine" pattern, drawn down over his eyes. Between his lips, or, rather, in the extreme left-hand corner of his mouth, he held an unlit cigar, of which the effort of talking or expectorating did not in the least necessitate the removal. Altogether, he was a curious-looking figure, as he stood there looking at me; and, although, in the main, exhibiting the peculiarities of "rough America," with which I had of late been thrown much in contact, he seemed so different from any one I had ever seen before that I stood returning his gaze, while his personal inventory affixed itself in my recollection in the form and manner as I have recorded it above.

"Bin West? eh, Mister?"

My sojourn among Colorado cowboys had considerably removed the hauteur with which I had regarded the familiarity of strangers in America on my outward journey, and I replied:

"Yes, I have."

"Fur as 'Frisco?"

"No; not as far as that."

"Why, pshaw! you ain't been West. We don't call no place 'West' in these here days short o' 'Frisco. No, sir."

"Really?"

"That's about the size of it. Goin' East, I should judge?"

"Yes, I am."

"N'-York, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"Wall, that's pretty fur East, anyhow; ain't it? 'Bout as fur East as you kin git in these here days." And he smiled as well as the retention of his cigar would permit, and showed a row of yellow, tobacco-discolored teeth.

"I don't agree with you as to that," I returned. "I am going further East still."

"Why, want to know? Not truly?" and he grinned incredulously. "Wall, now, I'd just like to be informed how you can go further East than N'-York," he said, with a wink at the baggage-master, who was putting the checks on my traps before they went into the car.

I didn't fathom then that this pretended ignorance was but an adroit way of finding out my route and destination.

"Would you?" I said. "Well, then, if you must know, I am going to England."

His lips worked a good deal as I said this, and he chewed away at his cigar, as if his thoughts were occupied with a far more serious matter than that under discussion

"-mum!" said he, after a minute, "I guess you got me there. That is pretty considerable east of N'-York, and no mistake. Going to England, eh? Well, dog-on it, if here ain't a streak o' luck," he added, in an undertone to himself, though I caught every word.

"Eh? What's that you say about luck?" I demanded, quickly, looking straight at him.

I thought he looked confused for a minute; but it was only for a minute, for he answered coolly:

"Why, just this. Bob Hudson, up on State-st., is a particular friend of mine. He's the agent of the National Line of steamers that run to London from N'-York every week. On every ticket that's sold outside the office Bob gives 10 per cent to the chap as drums up the passenger. I reckon now I can sell you a ticket and make the commish. Biz is biz."

"Thanks," I replied. "I'm sorry, but I have my passage engaged already by the Cunard Line. I sail on Wednesday in the Albania."

"Oh, you do, eh?" he said, in a voice whose tone of satisfaction sounded curiously out of keeping with the disappointment expressed in his added words: "Wall, that's too cussed bad, ain't it? I thought sure I was goin' to collar that little old 10 per cent."

At that moment the baggage-master handed me the brass checks for my luggage, and the first thing I did—as I had made it a custom to do—was to take down in my memorandum book the numbers of my checks.

"Gee-willikens!" exclaimed the fat man. "You've got a pretty considerable load o' them things, I should remark. Lemme see."

Before I could answer or demur he picked the checks quickly and with marked adroitness (as I afterward remembered) out of the half-shut palm of my hand, in which they lay, and began to count them

"Eight baggage checks!" he exclaimed. "Wall, now, you are well fixed, that's a fact. And not been to 'Frisco, either? But perhaps you're travelling with your family?" he added, dubiously, jingling the checks between the palms of his hands.

"No; I'm alone," I returned, holding out my hand for the checks.

"And eight baggage checks for one passenger!" he went on, not heeding my gesture. "Guess you had a small-sized excess to pay up to Council Bluffs. Couldn't get no eight trunks squeezed into one hundred and fifty pounds—not in these here days."

"I hadn't to pay anything," I said. "They are all small traps—mostly rifle-cases and saddle-bags."

"That's lucky, ain't it? I am pleased." He said this with a curious expression. He looked as though he were glad; and yet, for the life of me, I couldn't see why he should be, or what earthly difference it could make to him that an utter stranger like myself should have been able to avoid any extra payment to the railway company for the carriage of my luggage.

"Give me those checks, please," I said. "I want to go and secure my section in the sleeping-car."

"Oh, there's plenty of time for that. Now, just look-a-here," and he put his hand in his overcoat pocket; "I'm goin' East, too, and I only got one check. But that's more 'an I generally carry. I most always don't take nothing but a gripsack. Wal, as you seem impatient, Mister, here's your checks."

I turned on my heel abruptly, and, as I went to the sleeping-car office, I counted over the checks. Eight; yes, they were all right, and, feeling sorry for the momentary suspicion that had prompted me to do so, I slipped them into one of the compartments of my pocketbook, and put it in my pocket.

"Can't have it," said the Pullman car clerk through the window of his office, in reply to my request for a whole section to myself. "There ain't a whole section left in either of the sleepers."

What was I to do? It was Monday afternoon. The train about to leave was the "through" Atlantic express, timed to reach New-York on Tuesday night. The Albania was to sail with the early tide, at half-past 6, on Wednesday morning. There was no other train by which I could possibly reach New-York in time.

There was some grumbling from the line of people behind me at my blocking up the window so long, and the clerk, with benign sarcasm, remarked:

"Think you'll make up your mind about it before the cars pull out? There ain't anybody else wants to get a berth, of course not."

"Suppose you have only upper berths left?" I suggested, the discomfort of the climbing process necessary for their occupation standing out in bold relief before my mind's eye.

"That's where you're wrong, sonny. There's just one lower—and lucky you are to get it," said the man, stamping the ticket and throwing it down in front of me. "Five dollars."

Clutching the square bit of pasteboard which entitled me to "Berth A, in car Wyoming," I entered the car and took my seat. There were yet about five minutes before the train started, and the car was filling rapidly. I looked out of the window. A motley crowd was on the platform, jostling and squeezing at the gateway, where the ticket examiner stood. One man, with his back to me, was having his ticket punched. He turned. It was the fat man with the thin face. In the ten minutes since I had so abruptly left him I had forgotten all about him. A fear came over me that he had the berth above mine. He made his way straight for the "Wyoming," and got in. To my dismay, the next moment he was standing at my elbow, scrutinizing his berth ticket, which he held between his fingers.

"Berth B—that's all right," he said, looking at the letters along the top of the car; and, dropping into the seat opposite to me, with a puff, he put down beside him a square-shaped parcel, done up in brown paper and securely tied with stout string. "Wal, now, if this here ain't luck!" he exclaimed as his eyes encountered mine "To think that I should have just struck this section, and you got the other half of it!"

"And have you the upper berth?" I cried, aghast, as I surveyed his huge proportions.

"That's about the size of it," he replied. "Couldn't get no other. Ain't another berth in the whole caboodle. This was the last one, and, you bet you, I had to rustle around some to get it. There's cords o' passengers ain't got no berths, I should judge."

In no way pleased at the prospect of having him suspended over my head all night, like the sword of Damocles, I did not reply. But I couldn't help wondering how his story about his being the last berth could be true, if I couldn't get a whole section when I asked for one. Just then the train started, and I looked out of the window again. The straggling suburbs of Chicago at last merged into the banks of Lake Michigan, whose bright blue waters grew deeper and deeper in tint, till the shadows of night obscured the scene from my view. So absorbed had I been in the contemplation of the panorama passing before me that again had I forgotten the fat man with the thin face. When I turned around the lamps were lit in the car, the negro porter had begun to make up the berths for the night, and the fat man with the thin face sat with a newspaper in his hands, apparently fast asleep.

Poor fellow! he looked so harmless and inoffensive, as he sat there with his chin on his breast, and his eyes shut, that I felt a sense of remorse at the thought that perhaps my manner had been more distant and unkind than necessary. I would endeavor to treat him with more civility. I said that the newspaper was in his hands; but it was only his right hand that clutched the paper; the left was placed guardingly over the parcel on the seat beside him.

I made a slight movement with my feet, and the noise awoke him. He opened his eyes and looked at me, then quickly down at the parcel, and then back at me again.

"Bin asleep, I guess," he said stretching himself, and yawning. "Ain't nothin' else to do aboard the cars, is there? Not unless you smoke or play cards. Readin's played out in this here light."

"It is rather dim," I answered, remembering my resolve.

"You wouldn't care for a game of euchre or seven-up, would you, just to fill in with?" he asked. "I can git a deck o' cards from the porter, I guess. Ain't no sort o' use goin' to bed yet awhile?"

I felt glad of anything that would shorten the period of his stay in the berth above, and would willingly have sat up all night, sooner than trust myself beneath him. But, unfortunately, I knew neither of the games he proposed, and told him so. Poker was the only game played where I had been, and at that I had become quite proficient.

"Poker's prohibited," he said, when I suggested it. "Them two I mentioned is the only card games they allows on this here road. It's too plaguey bad you don't know 'em. Guess I'll try a smoke. What you say?"

I excused myself, and he went away. In scarcely a minute he returned hurriedly, and sat down again.

"The smoking-room's chuck full o' fellers talkin' politics, and there's not so much as a seat on the floor, so I come back," and he put out his hand and drew the parcel toward him.

At that moment it occurred to me that he had left the parcel on the seat when he went away, and that his return was at a quicker pace than a mere desire to get back to his seat justified.

A sudden idea came into my head.

"I think I'll just go and wash my hands," I said carelessly.

I got up and went to the end of the car to the lavatory, off which the smoking-room opened. I looked in. There was no one in it, but one of the brakemen, half asleep. What could have been his motive, I wondered. Surely, he didn't fear my making away with his parcel? It couldn't be that, yet what other reason had he for his precipitate return and false explanation? Just then the train stopped at a station, and, my curiosity considerably excited, I first washed my hands to keep my word good, and then went back to my seat, as the train started on again. When I got there the fat man with the thin face, was gone. And—complete demolisher of all my short-lived suspicions—there was the parcel on the seat! Thinking he had gone to talk to somebody in the car, I looked up and down the seats not yet turned into berths. No; he was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps he had stepped into the next car, as is the frequent custom of passengers in American trains? But my speculations as to his whereabouts were suddenly brought to a stop. The negro porter came up, and handed me a folded piece of paper.

"De fat gem'man, sah, tole me," he said, "to give you dis yah note." I unfolded the note. It was neatly written in blue indelible pencil, on half a sheet of note paper, evidently torn off the back of an old letter, and ran as follows:

"Dear Friend: I have been called back to Chicago on important business by telegram just received. I am compelled to go, and must leave the train at this station, so as to catch the west-bound one that passes here in ten minutes. May I ask you, as a stranger, to take charge of the parcel which I leave for you on the seat? It is most important that it should reach New-York Tuesday night. It is not addressed to any person (as you will see), but the party for whom it is intended (as I shall so advise him by telegraph) will call for it at your hotel, Tuesday night, at 10 o'clock, and that you will know it is all right, he will send up a card with the name of 'Frank Fearless.' This train gets into the Grand Central Depot at 8:25, so there will be plenty of time for you to reach your hotel before he makes his appearance. Though you are a complete stranger to me, I have made so bold as to feel that you will do me this favor and take charge of the parcel. In full faith that you will do so, I leave it, and beg to subscribe myself,

"Very respectfully yours, ANDREW WILLIAMS."

I read the note through twice, before I could take it all in, and I don't know which surprised me most—the request itself, or the remarkable epistle making it. Why should I suddenly be asked like this to become the custodian of what it had but just appeared to be the owner's desire to protect against me; and how could one who was, to all appearances, a rough, illiterate man, ungrammatical and unpolished in speech, on the spur of the moment, write in a style and form of expression as much in keeping with the strict models of polite correspondence as it was in conformity with the precise rules of grammar? It was a puzzle I could not understand. Then an another idea struck me, and I called the negro porter, who was making up the next section, and asked him:

"When and how did the fat gentleman get the telegram? Was it brought into the car?"

"I didn't see him get no telegram, sah," he said. "Guess I'd a seen if he had, for I was standin' about here all de time we was at de last station. No, sah; I guess dey was no telegram dis yar trip," and the negro grinned knowingly.

"What do you mean?" I asked quickly.

"Oh, nothin'; nothin' at all, sah. Only I don't reckon as no telegram came aboard this car for nobody. That's all."

"Perhaps he got out and got it at the station," I suggested.

"He didn't get out. He just sat there a grumblin' wid dat ar paper parcel."

"Then how did he have time to write this note?"

It did seem almost incredible that, even had he employed the whole time of the stoppage of the train, he could have written what he did.

"Didn't write nothin', as I see. He just took dat 'ar letter I give you out of his pocket, and he says: 'Give dis to de English gent as sits opposite,' and then, as the cars begins to move, he runs to de door, and out on de platform, and jumps off."

"You saw him jump off?"

"Yes, sah; sartain sure."

It certainly did look strange. I sat down and thought what I had better do. Gradually it seemed to dawn upon me that I was making a great deal more of it all than it deserved, and that in America it wasn't such a marvellous proceeding for a stranger to ask and expect you to do a favor which in England one would hesitate to accept from an intimate friend. It was quite possible, if not probable, that the negro was mistaken. He couldn't have noticed all he claimed had he been attending to his work. He certainly couldn't tell what any of the other passengers were doing, and why single out the fat man for his sole observation? It was all nonsense. Of course I would take charge of the parcel, as he had asked me. Why not? And I thought again of how groundless my suspicions had been about his hurrying back from the smoking-room. And yet it was true there was no one there when he said the room was full. But the approach to the station would account for its sudden vacation before I got there. I had not thought of that before, and what I had been making a veritable mountain of seemed to dwindle down into the tiniest molehill. Thoroughly satisfied, I picked up the parcel and examined it. It was clearly a box of some sort, a foot long by eight inches wide and four deep. It felt as if it was made of tin. It was rather heavy, too; but its contents, whatever they were, must have been carefully packed, for there was no movement or jingle inside, as I shook it to see. It was wrapped up, as I have said, in thick brown paper, and bound round several times with thick, stout string, tied with a series of hard knots, and—I had not noticed this before—these knots were partially covered by red sealing-wax, on which there was an impression of a seal. This impression was evidently made by a larger seal than the surface of the wax admitted the showing of in its full dimensions or design. I lifted up the box to the light, to examine it more closely. Yes, but half of the seal which had been used had left its impress on the wax. But there was enough to show that it had been made by a large, oval-shaped seal—most probably a ring—on which a monogram had been engraved, for I clearly deciphered the lower halves of the letters W and A entwined. This was the only indicia of ownership the parcel bore.

The porter came to make up my berth. Putting the parcel, with my travelling-bag and roll of rugs, at the foot of the bed, I turned in; and, thankful for the absence of the fat man, in the comforting reflection that the berth above was unoccupied, I was soon fast asleep.

I had been asleep for what seemed hours when one of those bumps for which the Westinghouse brakes are famous brought the train to a sudden stop, and roused me, with a start, from a sound and dreamless slumber. In the haziness of my awakening I thought it must be a collision, or that the train had left the line at all events. I sat up in my berth. No, I didn't—quite. The top of my head came in violent contact with the bottom of the berth above, and I fell back considerably stunned and bewildered, for the moment. Then my senses came back, and, thoroughly awake, the anger of pain gave place to the anger of indignation. There was some one in the upper berth, after all! How could it be? By what right had any one taken possession of it? It still belonged to the fat man, and no one else had any right to occupy it. Everything seemed quiet in the car; there had evidently been no accident, and the train was starting on its way again. I would get up at once and remonstrate with the porter. Hastily pulling on the few garments I had removed (the character of one's disrobing for the night in a Pullman car being decidedly slight), I rolled out of my berth, and, unable to discover the whereabouts of my boots, set out in my stockings to find him. He was dozing in a corner of the smoking-room.

"Ain't no sort o' use complainin' to me, sah," he said, in reply to my complaint. "I ain't got nothin' to do with it. I jest obeys orders when I makes up de berths."

"But the berth belongs to the fat gentleman," I expostulated.

"Dat don't make no sort o' difference. He ain't dar, is he? Well, de rules ob de company says dat all unclaimed, unoccupied berths must be filled up if any passengers wants 'em. So, the conductor, he give dat berth to a gem'man as got aboard at Toledo. He's in bed hisself, or he could tell you the same."

Much against my will, I was obliged to accept this explanation, though I couldn't see what legal right the company had to sell the same berth twice to two different people, and I said so. With the same noiseless tread that I left it, I returned to my berth. As I drew aside the curtains which hung in one long vallance from a rod near the ceiling, and thus screened both upper and lower berths from the passage-way without, I staggered back. The occupant of the upper berth hastily turned over with his face to the wall, and drew the bed-clothes up about his head. For the moment I could have sworn it was the fat man with the thin face. I say, for the moment, because the next minute I saw that the recumbent figure was that of a slight, thin man. To assure myself, however, I said.

"I beg your pardon."

But the only answer I got was a snore. I thought he couldn't have got to sleep so quick as that, and this adding to my suspicions, I determined to satisfy myself.

"Look here, my friend," I said in a loud voice, for I was somewhat out of patience; "haven't you made a mistake?"

There was no movement in reply, but a gruff voice, as unlike the fat man's as two voices could be, in the richest brogue I ever heard outside of Tipperary or Connemara, came from under the bed-clothes:

"Mistake, is it? Bedad, I think it's yerself as has made a mistake, as yez'll purty soon foind out, if yez don't lave me alone, ye rapscallion, ye!"

Quite satisfied, though still mystified, I turned in again. But sleep I couldn't, and didn't, till daylight showed through the chinks of my window blinds. Then I dropped into a nap from which I was aroused by the porter, with the intelligence:

"Next station, Cleveland! Half an hour for breakfast!"

My first thought was of the episode of the night before with the man overhead. I looked up. I saw to the top of the car. The upper berth was back in its panel in the wall, as I had seen it when I first went to bed. Could it all have been only a dream? Hardly, I thought. Still, I couldn't feel quite sure. So, I got up, and went and questioned the porter again.

"You mean dat 'ar Frenchman who took de berth over you at Toledo? Why, he left de car at Paynesville, about half an hour ago."

"Frenchman?" said I. "Irishman, you mean!"

"Irishman? Not much! I think I knows an Irishman when I sees him. Dat 'ar party was a Frenchman. Dat's all I knows about it, boss." Cleveland! Half an hour for breakfast!"

The next few hours found us skirting the southern banks of Lake Erie, and at 1 o'clock we stopped at Buffalo for dinner. As I came back from the dining-room in the station, and was getting into the car again, I glanced down the train, and again could I have taken my oath that I saw the fat man in the act of stepping in at the further end of the next car. So sure was I of this that I hurried on into the other car to see. I walked from one end to the other, scrutinizing the passengers till they must have thought I was a detective in search of some absconding bank director or State official. But my labors were in vain. The fat man was nowhere to be seen. I came back to my seat with a sense of curious uncertainty which I could not shake off. Mystery seemed to be following mystery, and no sooner was one puzzle apparently cleared up than another sprang up in its place. I felt tempted to open the parcel But, on serious consideration, was I justified in doing so? No, I thought; certainly not. It was, quite likely, all nonsense. It couldn't have been him I had seen, for where could he have come from? It was but another of my groundless suspicions, as one after another I had found them to turn out, and I would try and banish the subject from my mind. And so, in that endeavor, I read, surveyed the grand scenery of the Hudson River, along whose banks we ran for hours, and dozed, until the train arrived at New-York, about half an hour late. To the authorized luggage agent, who came into the train before it reached the terminus, to take up the passengers' baggage checks, and for a small fee convey their luggage to whatever destination they should direct it to be brought, I gave my eight checks, receiving in return a receipt giving the numbers of the checks. As I should be such a short time at the hotel—hardly one night—and to avoid the unnecessary trouble of a double transfer from the hotel to the steamer, I directed my luggage to be brought to the steamer at once, or, rather, early next morning. I gave myself no further thought about my traps, and drove to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, my sole objects of care in the luggage line being my travelling bag, roll of rugs, and—the fat man's parcel. It was then half-past 9, and I told the clerk in the office if a Mr. Frank Fearless called, to send him to my room at once. I was most curious to see this person after all that had happened, and, fearing that I might miss him, I made a hurried supper in the dining-room, and went to my room. Ten o'clock struck—half-past 10—11, and still no Mr. Fearless made his appearance. Thinking there might be some mistake about it down stairs, I stepped down to the office to see. No; no one had been to ask for me. What could be the matter? Could the person have mistaken or misunderstood my name—names and addresses do get sadly mixed up in telegrams sometimes—and asked for the wrong person, or gone to the wrong hotel? Yet, stay! It suddenly dawned upon me that, among his many questions, the fat man had never asked my name or where I was going to stay in New-York. I looked at the note. It was addressed to no one, called me by no name, and the only reference to my stopping-place was "your hotel." How simply and unutterably stupid of me not to have noticed this before! Could the note have been intended for any one else, and the porter have made a mistake? It was out of the question to hunt up the porter at that time of night, and seek any further explanations from him, had I had any inclination to do so. And yet, when I came to think of it, it was just possible the fat man had found out my name. It was signed at the bottom of my railway ticket, and he might have seen it when the baggage-master at Chicago was punching it (as is the custom) on giving me my checks. In that case, a visit to the different principal hotels, and an inspection of their registers, would eventually ascertain my whereabouts. Yes, that was it, of course; and that accounted for the delay. I would give Mr. Fearless another half hour's grace, and if at 12 o'clock he didn't appear, I would go to bed. But I might have spared myself this further vexation. Mr. Fearless did not come. Decidedly annoyed at having uselessly lost the rest and sleep I needed on the eve of a long sea voyage, and, thinking perhaps the fellow might yet come to time in the morning before I left, I went to bed. Next morning, the first thing I did was to go to the office again. Still no person had been to see me. The hour arrived for me to drive down to the dock. What to do with the parcel I didn't know. I asked if I might leave it to be kept till called for. The clerk—a mere under-one in charge of the office at that early hour—wouldn't take the responsibility of accepting its care without authority from the head clerk or manager, and these would not be up until after I had gone. There was nothing for it but to take the parcel with me, and, still fancying the man might come for it to the steamer, as the fat man knew I was going in the Albania, and had so telegraphed his friend, I did so. On reaching the ship I went at once to my stateroom to deposit the things I had with me. My portmanteau was not there, but instead was a small, round-topped American trunk, such as they call a "Saratoga." I called the steward and asked him about it.

"Oh, yes, sir," he said. "That's quite right. That's your trunk."

"But I say it isn't," I retorted. "I think I ought to know my own property."

"Well, sir, that's what the transfer baggage man fetched here this morning along with your other things. There was eight in all, and this one he told me you wanted in your cabin for the voyage."

"It was my portmanteau I wanted; not this confounded thing."

"There wasn't any portmanteau among your things, sir. I know, sir, for I saw them all come on board."

"There must be some mistake, then," said I "and they have brought me somebody else's trunk for my portmanteau, that's all."

"These baggage people never make mistakes, sir," replied the steward. "It would ruin their business if they did. Didn't they give you a receipt with the numbers of your checks upon it?"

"Yes, they did. But how does that help it. I don't know the numbers of the checks I gave him." Yet stay; what was I thinking about? I had them in my memorandum book.

I took the receipt and my memorandum boop and compared them. Yes, they were all right. But stop—no, they were not all right. They tallied in every case but one. No. 21,342 in my memorandum book read 6,567 in the receipt. That is to say, the first number was in my memorandum book, and was not in the receipt, and the second number was in the receipt, but not in my memorandum book. It could not be possible that the baggage agent in the train could have made a mistake with one check and have been so correct with all the others. The mistake of a figure I could understand, but not a long number running into thousands. Nor could I for the same reason have erred in entering the numbers in my book. There was one curious thing about it, too. There was no figure of the first number in the second. No; the check must have been changed by some one after I received it. But by whom? The checks had never been out of my possession. Ah, yes, they had. The fat man with the thin face had had them in his hand on the platform at Chicago. The fat man with the thin face seemed to be my evil genius. Was I never to escape him or his influence over my affairs?

"Dash the fat man with the thin face!" I exclaimed, only my invective was begun by rather a more severe verb. "He has been my unremitting torment since it was my misfortune to encounter him. First with that confounded parcel, which I have half a mind to pitch overboard; and now, with this beastly, vulgar, disreputable-looking trunk. As if such a thing could belong to me. I wish he was—"

My further imprecations on the fat man's head were here cut short by the appearance at the stateroom door of a slightly built young man with short black hair and mustache, and dressed in a fashionably made and perfect fitting suit of light tweed.

"Ah, I beg your pardon for intruding, sir," he said, smiling, and showing a row of white teeth; "but I believe this is the room in which my berth is situated. I presume I have the pleasure of addressing my room-mate?"

He spoke with a decided American accent, and his manner was so straightforward and polite that the resentful glance with which I had at first greeted him at once thawed away.

"Yes," I said. "This is my room; at least, to put it more correctly, my half-room. But won't you come in? I shan't be here a minute."

"Thanks. Don't stir, please. I only want to leave these things," and he threw down on the sofa a strapped roll of coats, wraps, and walking-sticks, and a small yellow leather "valise" (or Gladstone bag, as we call it in England) together with a large bundle of paper-covered books and newspapers. "I'll come back directly and put them away," he added. "But I want to go now and see about getting my seat at the table. There's always a rush, and there's nothing like being at the captain's table. Shall I secure you a seat at the same time?"

"Oh, thanks. Don't trouble," I said.

"No trouble. Yes, I will, then. But look here. What name shall I give?"

"Major Warde, please."

"All right. Here's my card," taking one out of an elaborate, silver-mounted, crocodile-skin pocket-book. "See you again," and with a graceful wave of the hand, he was gone.

I looked at the card. It was as severely simple as the most exacting republican could desire:

ALFRED WESTERFELDT,
New-York.

Was all there was on it. Rather indefinite perhaps, yet not so bad as the Englishman who got into the American papers as "Mr. Smith, of London."

"Well, sir, what shall I do with the trunk?" asked the steward, who had been waiting outside.

I had forgotten all about the trunk in my short interview with my room-mate, and I had, while contemplating his card, fallen into one of those sudden fits of abstraction hardly to be called a reverie, in which it had seemed to glimmer through my mind that I had seen this Mr. Westerfeldt before, somewhere or other, but where or when I could not recall. I was trying to remember, when the steward's question shattered my train of thought.

"I won't have it in here—that's flat," I replied. "But I'll tell you what. You can leave it in the passage outside the door, and then, if any one turns up to claim it, they can get it. It's not impossible that somebody on board has taken my portmanteau by mistake."

The steward smiled incredulously.

"No one on board has got it, sir. I'm sure of that." However, he deposited the trunk outside, as I told him.

There was one comfort. If any one saw it, the red W with which it had been labelled on the dock before it came on board would be taken quite as much for Westerfeldt as for Warde.

I went up on deck. We were steaming slowly out across the bar and past Sandy Hook, and the morning being warm and bright with sunlight, and the sea like glass, the full complement of passengers were getting their first breath of sea air, sitting in folding-chairs along the lee side of the deck-houses, or promenading up and down to windward.

Presently I encountered Westerfeldt.

"Hello, Major!" he exclaimed, in the familiar tone of a friend from boyhood; "I've been down to the cabin and all over the ship looking for you. Have a cigar. By the bye, I got you a seat at the captain's table, next mine. And talking of seats, reminds me that I have two deck chairs. Have you one?"

"No," I told him. I did not know of the necessity of such an article on board the Atlantic liners till my voyage out, and I had had no time to provide myself with one in New-York.

"As an unenlightened Britisher, you didn't tumble to the steamer chair racket until too late—that was it, eh? Ha-ha! Well, one of mine is at your disposal for the voyage. Come round and I'll show you where they are."

We went round round to the lee side.

"There," went on Westerfeldt, pointing to two chairs drawn out to their full length side by side under the shelter of one of the forward deck-houses, and near the warmth of the funnel, and in one of which was the roll of wraps and bundle of books and papers. "Take your choice. We can sit here and smoke and read till the lunch gong sounds. Sit down, and I'll put one of these over your legs," and he began to undo the wraps.

"Thanks, very much," I said, politely as I could, for somehow it was an effort to me—why, I couldn't tell. "But I don't think I'll sit down just yet. I want some exercise, and will walk a bit first."

"Well, just as you like," said Westerfeldt, in a crestfallen tone that made me feel sorry. "You'll find me here for the next two hours."

I wasn't really anxious for exercise, and being a very bad sailor, the ocean swell, into which we had now got, was easier of encounter seated than on foot. But I couldn't help the feeling, not of dislike for this man Westerfeldt, but which seemed to say to me—discourage his attentions even to repelling them. Besides which, I wanted to think by myself, and I knew Westerfeldt's rattling tongue would never let me do that. So I walked away with a short nod in return for his elaborate wave of the hand.

It was not long before I came to the conclusion that the sooner I got to my stateroom the better it would be for me. I went down and lay on the sofa, turning over in my mind the events of the past two days, in the vain hope of arriving at some satisfactory conclusion in respect to them. But the more I thought the more puzzling did everything appear. The gong for luncheon sounded, and the next moment Westerfeldt seemed to tumble headlong in at the doorway.

"Confound that trunk!" he exclaimed, "and whoever put it there! I've nearly broken my neck over it. Hello! You here? What's the matter? Sick, already? Why, pshaw! You mustn't give up like that. Come, brace up, and have some lunch."

"I'm quite comfortable here, thank you," I said, in a cold tone I could not repress. "I don't want anything to eat, I assure you."

"Oh, all right," he answered, a little stiffly. "By the bye, don't you think you'd better have that trunk of yours outside brought into the room? It will hurt somebody yet."

"It isn't mine," I said, quickly.

"Not yours? Then who the deuce does it belong to?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I thought perhaps it was yours from the W on it. Isn't it?"

"Mine?" he said, in a curious tone, while a peculiar expression came into his eyes. "What made you think that, eh? W stands for Warde as well as Westerfeldt, doesn't it?"

"Quite true," said I; "by a curious coincidence on the present occasion it does."

He looked at me sharply as I said this, and kept his eyes fixed upon mine, as though he were trying to read my thoughts. For the first time I noticed that his eyes were blue—a most uncommon accompaniment of black hair, especially such jet-black hair as his. Then a dim, vague recollection seemed to rise up before me. Where had I seen him before?

"And you had no other reason than that for thinking the trunk was mine?" he asked.

"None whatever. Isn't it yours, then?"

"No, indeed, it is not," he said, with a smile, as his manner returned to its old familiarity. "Well, old fellow, I thought of washing my hands, but I guess I won't disturb you now. Ta-ta!" And he hurried away. In about five minutes he returned with a pint bottle of champagne in his hand, one of the stewards following with a tumbler of ice and some ham sandwiches.

"Here, old chap; I've brought you the sovereign remedy for first-day qualms on board ship," and he poured out a foaming bumper of Pommery Sec, and handed it to me. "Come, sit up. I'll take no refusal. Don't sip. Drink it down. There: I'll bet you feel better already."

I was compelled to confess that I did. The wine, too, quickly spread its warming influence around my heart, and my feelings of distrust and repugnance toward Westerfeldt seemed to undergo a sudden revulsion. His kind thought of me touched me, and I felt grateful for the relief his remedy afforded me, for I had been rather poorly.

"I am forever letting my prejudices lead and control me," I said to myself. "There is really no harm in the fellow, beyond a forward, familiar manner, that, after all, a man shouldn't mind. I should be a brute were I to be rude or snubbing to him after this."

The consequence was that after that Westerfeldt and I became great friends and constant companions. It is true that now and then the old sensation would come over me, and I would flinch from his familiarity for the moment. But I managed always to get the better of it. The weather continued fine, and, having got over the first day successfully, thanks to Westerfeldt's prescription, I had little difficulty in acquiring the sea-legs so indispensable to the pleasure and comfort of a sea voyage. Old sailors—there were men on board who had crossed ten or a dozen times—smiled and shrugged their shoulders at my complacent confidence in myself, and told me to wait—we should have a blow soon.

To be Continued.

OLIVE.

Algernon Charles Swinburne in The English Illustrated Magazine.

Who may praise her?
Eyes where midnight shames the sun,
Hair of night and sunshine spun,
Woven of dawn's or twilight's loom,
Radiant darkness, lustrous gloom,
Godlike childhood's flowerlike bloom,
None may praise aright, nor sing
Half the grace wherewith like spring
Love arrays her.

Love untold
Sings in silence, speaks in light
Shed from each fair creature, bright
Still from heaven, whence toward us, now
Nine years since, she deigned to bow
Down the brightness of her brow;
Deigned to pass through mortal birth;
Reverence calls her, here on earth,
Nine years old.

Love's deep duty,
Even when love transfigured grows
Worship, all too surely knows
How, though love may cast out fear,
Yet the debt divine and dear
Due to childhood's godhead here
May by love of man be paid
Never; never, song be made
Worth its beauty.

Nought is all
Sung or said or dreamed or thought
Ever, set beside it; nought
All the love that man may give—
Love whose prayer should be "Forgive!"
Heaven, we see on earth may live;
Earth can thank not heaven, we know,
Save with songs that ebb and flow,
Rise and fall.

No man living,
No man dead, save haply one
Now gone homeward past the sun,
Ever found such grace as might
Tune his tongue to praise aright
Children, flowers of love and light,
Whom our praise dispraises: we
Sing in sooth but not as he
Sang thanksgiving.

Hope that smiled,
Seeing her new-born beauty, made
Out of heaven's own light and shade,
Smiled not half so sweetly, love:
Seeing the sun, afar above,
Warm the nest that rears the dove,
Sees, more bright than moon or sun,
All the heaven of heavens in one
Little child.

Who may sing her?
Wings of angels when they stir
Make no music worthy her:
Sweeter sound her shy soft words
Here than songs of God's own birds
Whom the fire of rapture girds
Round with light from love's face lit:
Hands of angels find no fit
Gifts to bring her.

Babes at birth
Wear as raiment round them cast,
Keep as witness toward their past,
Tokens left of heaven; and each,
Ere its lips learn mortal speech,
Ere sweet heaven pass on past reach,
Bears in undiverted eyes
Proof of unforgotten skies
Here on earth.

Quenched as embers,
Quenched with flakes of rain or snow
Till the last faint flame burns low,
All those lustrous memories lie
Dead with babyhood gone by;
Yet in her they dare not die;
Others, fair as heaven is, yet,
Now they share not heaven, forget;
She remembers.

CONGRESSMAN ALLEN AS A PREACHER.

Picked up by The Chicago Herald.

Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, is not much of a "reformer" himself, but he did attempt once to bring an erring brother back to a sense of shame and repentance. And this was the result, as told by Allen to a group of his colleagues on the floor of the House the other day:

"Jenks, you have been drinking again," Allen said sternly to the offender, a neighbor of his.

"I know it," replied Jenks, meekly.

"Didn't you tell me you would swear off forever on the first of the month?" asked Allen.

"Yes, I did; and I meant to do it, sure."

"Then why didn't you do it?"

"Well, you see, Allen, I—I—I was out of town that day."

THERESA CINDERELLA.

Paris Letter in The London Globe.

The revival of "Cinderella" this time is chiefly remarkable for the appearance of Mme. Theresa in the role of La Houspignole, in which she sings many of the famous concert-hall airs that made her fame years ago. The "Patti des bocks" has lost none of her peculiar charms. She has grown stoutish, but her voice and chic are unchanged. I called on her recently at her fantastic villa near Asnieres. I found her smoking a cigarette, surrounded by bibelots of all kinds, for she is very fond of antiquities, and has artistic tastes, strange as it may sound. The story of her when a child singing in front of the cafes in the Boulevard du Temple is a mere legend. She belonged to a small bourgeois family, which, although not rich, had enough money to give her a fair education. Her father is still alive, and she adores him. Her first idea in life was to become a dancer; she longed to become queen of the ballet; but just as she was about to be engaged at the Porte St. Martin, a family incident occurred, and she turned her attention to singing. She is very proud of a full-size portrait of Gounod, given to her by the maestro and signed with his name. She also dotes on her birds, of which she has a rich collection. She is very charitable, and her villa is called for miles around, "la maison du bon Dieu." To see her in her garden attending to her fowls and pigeons, and coaxing them in the softest terms, one would little dream that the person before him was the "forte en gueule" of the Alcazar. She seems to regret ever having taken to the cafe-concert. She says she has no taste for comic songs, and that her real forte is the sentimental and the patriotic, but the public refused to listen to her in that line, and she was forced to take to the "Sapeur," the "Venus aux Carottes," and similar vulgar stupidities. "Alas!" she added with a sigh, "it is too late now to begin again."

IMMORTALS IN PETTICOATS.

Paris Letter to The London Telegraph.

Another agitation for the foundation of a Woman's Academy has been set on foot. Of course there is always a certain amount of "chaff" connected with the proposal to "run" an Institute of Forty Immortal Females in opposition to that famous establishment on the Quays which has been so mercilessly satirized by Daudet and the Goncourts. Nevertheless the idea has been taken up from time to time with sufficient seriousness, and lists of eligible candidates for Fauteuils have been put forth tentatively. Long ago Madame de Girardin, the most lively of French writing-women, was recommended to the notice of the genuine Academicians as a fit and proper person for the honors of the Institute. After her came George Sand, the very greatest of French novelists, whose claims were certainly strong, but whose habits and antecedents were decidedly against her. One Academician objected because she wore breeches; another, because she practised what Mrs. Mona Caird now preaches; while a third could see no merit in a woman who smoked and swore. In far-off days, when the Grand-Monarque lived, an Academy of Blue-Stockings was also proposed by the Duchess of Burgundy. "There are twenty of them," wrote Madame de Maintenon, "and they all talk logic, rhetoric, physics and metaphysics like schoolmen"; but the satirical Moliere spoiled the game, and for a long time the women of France have been rather shy of the titles Bas-bleus and Precieuses-ridicules. It was reserved, however, for the Third Republic to resuscitate both "Precious Radicals and Ridicules." The latest list and "most correct card" of contemporary candidates for the projected Museum of Forty Immortal Females includes as Poetesses Madame Ackermann, Madame "Dorian" or Princess Mestchersky, and Mdlle. Lebeau; Politics will qualify Madame Adam and Louise Michel; Learning and Research are to be represented by Madame Dieulafoy; Fashion by Madame de Peronny, who is "Etincelle" of the Figaro, and others; while the Romance list is a long one, and includes actresses like Sarah Bernhardt as well as the Anglo-French lady called "Ouida," "Henry Greville," Madame Emile Levy, "Ary Ecilaw," and many others. General Literature is represented by Madame de Rute, and the universal championship of the female cause divine is represented not by Madame de Valsayre, the apostle of pantaloons and top-boots, but by "Citizeness" Auclerc. After all, the "cast" of the proposed Academy is not—to speak theatrically—a strong one, and it might easily be beaten in England.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

From The London Globe.

At the Town Hall sectional meeting of the Church Congress at Manchester yesterday afternoon, the attendance was far more than the room could accommodate. The chair was taken by the Bishop of Wakefield, who prefaced the introduction of the subject of "Eschatology" by an appeal for observance of its solemnity. He thought that the expressions of feeling from the audience should be generally restrained. Canon Luckock, the reader of the first paper, spoke of future punishment in connection with heathen and with those in Christian lands who were practically brought up under heathen surroundings. He held that before sentence was passed, the conditions should be strictly fair.

Archdeacon Farrar, who followed, said the view of future life which not long ago was common, was that the vast majority of mankind, Christian as well as heathen, dying in unrepentant sin, passed after this life into a lake of fire, of brimstone, where, in punishment for misdoings of their brief earthly days, they were tortured in inconceivable agony in material flames to eternity. Within living memory this was the orthodox view, and any one who repudiated it, or who even swerved materially from it, was denounced as a heretic and unbeliever. These views he repudiated with all the force of his conviction. To him they seemed to be dishonorable to the view which God had given us of Himself, to be subversive of the full message of salvation, to be fundamentally opposed to our unsophisticated ideas of justice as well as mercy, and abhorrent to the natural reason and conscience of mankind. A rumor had been circulated that since he himself delivered the Westminster sermons he had changed his mind. He had not changed his mind in a single particular, but he rejoiced to see abundant evidence on every side that thousands of honest and sincere and holy Christians had changed their minds on this tremendous subject. At first, day by day and hour by hour, the sermons exposed him to immense obloquy. Now the old doctrine, in all its naked horror, and with all its false accretions, was practically dead, or only exhibited a galvanic semblance of life. It had been softened down in every possible direction. The reply to his sermons by Dr. Pusey, he considered point by point, and found, with the deepest thankfulness, that on every question he deemed to be vital Dr. Pusey was absolutely at one with him. He argued that Dr. Pusey admitted that it was no part of the Catholic faith to believe either that, in the first place, the torments of hell were physical; or, secondly, that the vast majority of mankind were doomed to them; or, thirdly, that we must assume them to be the lot of all who died and made no sign, or that every form of retribution beyond the grave was necessarily endless. They both argued in favor of two propositions—first, that God might reach many souls whose case to us seemed hopeless; and, secondly, that there might be a permanent punishment in Hades in the intermediate state beyond the grave. Archdeacon Farrar proceeded to state the authorities supporting his views. To him one text, "God is love," was sufficient to disprove these popular accretions to the doctrine of endless torment—which and which alone he had repudiated. He relied in God's justice as much as in His mercy. In the Litany of the Church the prayer which appealed to him and moved him most was the prayer that God might have mercy upon all men. He did not think that to be either a hopeless or impossible petition, or a petition inconsistent with God's justice or beyond the power of that mercy which we are told triumphs over justice. (Loud cheers.)

Another paper by the Rev. Sir George W. Cox was equally strong in its repudiation of the doctrine of eternal punishment, and he, like Archdeacon Farrar, quoted largely from the Fathers, remarking that the more we rise to the faith of these great Christian thinkers and teachers, the less we shall care for dramatic pictures of a great white throne, with the angels marshalling mankind to the great assize. This paper at some length showed that the dramatic pictures in the Book of Enoch, written before the Christian era, furnished the apostolic writers with the materials for their eschatology. His opinions in the end (read in his absence by a layman) elicited sounds of disapprobation. There was hissing at a reference to the tyranny of sacred books, and at the doubts expressed as to the authenticity of some portions of the New Testament. The author even doubted whether some of the discourses in the Gospels were ever delivered at all. The President interfered, however, to prevent any demonstration either for or against, urging the solemn nature of the subject as a plea for silence on the part of the audience. One or two speakers at an overflow meeting in the Free Trade Hall objected, but the majority appeared to be in accord with Archdeacon Farrar and Canon Luckock, though they resented the scepticism of Sir George Cox. At the Town Hall, while the audience heartily applauded Dr Farrar, most of the speakers joining in the debate solemnly protested against any interference with time-honored views.

THE POPE'S NEPHEW WEDS A JEWESS.

From The London Star.

The story that Pope Leo's nephew has just been married to the daughter of the beadle of a Jewish synagogue turns out to be correct. The circumstances savor of romance, and are told by the "Israelitische Gemeinde Zeitung." It appear that some years ago, Herr S., an enterprising tradesman of Vienna, crossed the frontier to seek a new field for his labors. Arriving in Perugia, Italy, he made the acquaintance of a niece of the present Pontiff, and ultimately an attachment sprang up between the fair-haired Telesco and the dark-eyed Signorina Pecci. In due course Herr S. proposed to her, was accepted, and it was not long ere the pair appeared before the bride's uncle, Cardinal Pecci, member of the College of Cardinals, in Rome. The bridegroom being a Jew, it was necessary for the ecclesiastic to baptize him, and this being done, the ceremony of marriage was gone through, the blessing pronounced, and the happy couple embarked for South America, whence they kept up a constant correspondence with the Cardinal. Quite recently, however, Madame S. succumbed to a severe illness, and the bereaved widower, by that time a millionaire, not caring to remain any longer in South America, where past associations were ever before him, left the land of his adoption and betook himself to Rome, in order to visit his uncle.

The Cardinal had now become Leo XIII., chief of the Roman Church, and resided at the Vatican; but, though altered in position, he had in no way lost sight of his nephew, on whom he bestowed a royal welcome, not forgetting the Papal benediction. "I remain thy uncle, my son; may heaven's blessing lead thee back to thy native home." And, after so many years' absence, Herr S. returned to Vienna a millionaire and consul for the land of his voluntary exile. However, as the novelists put it, time heals many wounds, and a month or two was long enough for another woman to find a place in the heart of the exile. Herr S. was stricken, and fell in love with the synagogue beadle's lovely daughter. But there was an obstacle. The fair one would not give up her religion and be baptized into the Church of Leo, so there was nothing left but for the stronger vessel to give way to the weaker, which he did, and returned to the faith of his ancestors, with the result anticipated.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

From The Chicago Tribune.

There had been a terrible railroad accident, and the wreck of the baggage-car was in flames.

"O, my good, kind friend!" pleaded a prima donna, as she approached one of the injured passengers, "only one of your arms is broken. Won't you please pull my trunks out of that car."